

THE DAGLIGTALE

Your Augustana Student Paper

April 2005

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Students Amy Scholten, Ben Schumacher and Karen Wedel pose with Clarence the Goat. Friday April 1 was "Vote for the Goat" day at Augustana and students, staff and faculty had their chance to determine which faculty or staff member would take Clarence home. For the final voting results, and for more pictures, see pages 2-3.

We're Outta Here!

You Don't Want Us Around? Fine, We're Leaving...

by Steve Hansen

"You're not wanted here anymore, so GO HOME!"
"And I want all my stuff back!"

Most people hate breaking up, especially when their partner lets on for months that everything is going fine and then gets suddenly irritable and tells you they can't be around you anymore.

Well guess what? Augustana is dumping you.

Oh yeah, in September she was the prettiest girl in town, and she wanted you. She

cooked savoury dinners for you and took you out on the town. Just mentioning her name got you the best deals at all the fanciest shops. You even met her family, and they were all nice.

Within weeks, you started making long-term plans together, pondering trips to Mexico or France.

But then came the TV dinners and the mysterious notes on the fridge that said things like, "Do you still have my copy of The DaVinci Code?"

It was as though she was slowly taking inventory of her life, and you weren't part of the process. Was she taking advantage of you, or was she going through personal difficulties? She became ominously quiet and preoccupied, wasn't home as much, and went days without talking to you.

Her behaviours started to show signs of reverting back to an earlier stage: she started talking to other men with the same glimmer

she had once saved just for you.

And then she left a typed letter in your mailbox:

I can't see you anymore. I hope you know it's always been about you. I've tried to give you everything you wanted. I just need some time for myself now (And I want all my books back). Maybe sometime in the future we'll meet again and start over. But I think I need to see other people for a while...

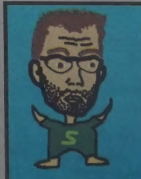
Can someone tell me what happened? It all went so fast...

THE EDITORS:



jer:

Goodbye precious buildings, goodbye precious people, goodbye professors, goodbye tests, goodbye papers, goodbye marks, goodbye assignments, goodbye cold weather, goodbye love, goodbye mom, goodbye dad, goodbye Augustana, goodbye Camrose, goodbye home... I'll forget a lot of things but I hope I remember some...



STEVE

Aah, I'm stumped!
Dear readers, I must say that editing the Dagligtale this year has been enriching. Parting requests: please keep supporting the Dagligtale. Although when compared with the Gateway the Dag seems rather paltry, it is your only source for free written expression on campus. Oh, and keep in touch...

Vote For



"Ew! I think he likes me!" says Rachel Schneider.



Clarence, never one to decline attention, sports a hat and struts his stuff. Showgoat!



Happily in third place, Dr. McTaggart realizes what might have been.



"Mmm, grilled on a spit and served with gravy! Can I vote for myself?"

Friday April 1 was officially "Vote for the Goat" Day at Augustana. Organized by your thoughtful Dagligtale editors Steve and Jer, Goat Day offered all students, faculty and staff the opportunity to have a little fun and play a joke on someone they knew.

First, a little background on the event: The day before the vote, a large banner with the motto "Vote for the Goat" was hung in the Faith and Life lobby, and lists of 19 professorial and staff candidates circulated around campus. Rumours began to emerge, and fear spread among the 19 personalities who saw their name on the list. "What is the goat?" people asked. "What does it stand for? How did I get nominated?"

Everyone's questions, however, were promptly answered the morning of April 1. Welcomed to class by the sight of Clarence the Goat, freshly arrived from the Pattison farm to infiltrate Augustana, students and faculty were informed of the day's event and urged to cast their vote.

The object of the event was simple: cast a free vote for whomever you think deserves to win a goat. The person with the most votes at the end of the day wins. Participants chose from the list of 19 candidates previously mentioned.

Different people voted for different reasons: some people voted for their favourite prof, others voted for their least favourite prof. Some just thought it would be funny to picture, say, Kathleen Corcoran, with a goat.

As word spread around the campus, students caught the groove and voted with a kind of passion seldom seen on a Friday morning at Augustana. Even staff and

faculty began to cast their votes against each other, perhaps out of fear of their own destinies.

Clarence, unknown to both Steve and Jer prior to the event, lent his showgoat personality to the affair all day. Sometimes unable to handle the large crowds, but always ready for a friendly pet, Clarence continually found solace in his bucket of oats beside the Martin Luther statue.

The voting wrapped up at around 2:00pm with a total of 457 votes cast in only 4½ hours. Let's compare that to the 231 achieved over 2 full days by the Students' Association elections: sure, Daryl Bissillion still netted a vote for the goat, but it appears that most students would rather vote for a goat than a student president.

Some highlights in the voting process that simply can't go unreported include:

-One vote cast for a Dr. Paul McTaggart, another for a Dr. Bill McTaggart.

-One vote cast for a Gary Schmidmiller.

-Prof. Tom Butko adamantly refused to cast a vote, citing "conflict of interest" as his reason. The Dagligtale suspects Butko may have been traumatized by a goat in his childhood.

-The absence of Profs. Morten Asfeldt and Kathleen Corcoran from campus that day.

By 2:30pm Clarence was escorted back to his farm to recuperate from what may have been his first urban excursion. Although rumours began to spread that Dr. Roger Epp had won the goat, votes had not even been counted yet.

On the morning of Thursday April 7 the Dagligtale arrived with Clarence the Goat at the office of vote winner Prof. Yvonne Becker. Becker, expecting a meeting with a

TOTALS

Becker, Yvonne	57
Merklinger, Phil	50
McTaggart, John	49
Carter, Henry	38
Larson, Dave	28
Epp, Roger	25
Schlosser, Milton	25
Snydmiller, Gary	22
Hvenegaard, Glen	18
Parker, Tim	18
Corcoran, Kathleen	17
Prest, Harry	17
Fahmy, Yasser	16
Methot, Melanie	16
Hatt, Kiersten	12
Harder, Keith	9
Hackborn, Bill	7
Vall, Barry	5
Goebel, Nancy	4

non-candidates that were still voted for...

Marentette, Paula	4
Mower, Helen	4
Hoefnagels, Anna	3
Palo, Rani	3
Bissillion, Daryl	1
Chytrcek, Mark	1
Dahle, David	1
Flammand, Helene	1
Hansen, Steve	1
Lorenz, Stacy	1
Murray, Rod	1
Rott, Travis	1
Sutley, Kevin	1
Urberg, Ingrid	1
Wideman, Jeremy	1
Wilton, Shauna	1



"Do I really have to go back to the farm? But I like Yvonne."



Dr. Larson ponders the list of candidates.



Unbelievable! I'm actually bigger than some of the freshmen girls here.



"Y-V-O-N-N-E"



Now look nice for the cameras, Clarence.

The Goat

student regarding degree programs (a play carefully organized by the Dag with the help of Darci Penrod) was surprised with the presence of a goat in her office. Clarence, forgetting his manners, decided to pee on Yvonne's carpet—sorry, maintenance!

Becker proceeded to proudly display her prize to her Phys.Ed. colleagues,

posed for numerous photos, and took Clarence for a walk around the quad during the break between classes.

For those who are curious about the fate of Clarence, he was escorted back to his home at the Pattison farm, and will not have to take up lodgings with Yvonne Becker.

Contrary to some circulating rumours, "Vote for the Goat" is not an annual

tradition at Augustana, but who knows? With such successful participation, maybe it should become one.

The Daglightale would like to thank everyone who helped in organizing "Vote for the Goat" as well as everyone who voted. And special thanks to Prof. Yvonne Becker.



Back to the 'Burbs

by Michelle Reshaur

I have to confess. I've fallen in love with the subject of what I thought would be a short lived experiment four years ago. Perhaps I'm tainting reality with the word "experiment"; my intention was not to objectively gather data and come to a conclusion but simply to treat the situation as one that I was only observing.

My first encounter with the picturesque parks and the welcoming college lane up to Old Main was met with my redundant use of the adjective "cute." Any displays of beauty or culture other than what I would have stereotyped to be rural were lost on me initially as I clung to my condescending notion that I could pat these experiences on the head as if they were still adolescent. In my maturity I would jokingly excuse odd behavior when I returned back to the city as rural habits I've picked up—often with a country twang hugging my words.

To say living in a smaller center was something that I was impartially experimenting with was obviously a far cry from the truth. My biases coming into this community hindered appreciation until much later

on. The only aspect of an experiment that remained was a strong hypothesis I had been developing my whole life—that rural life would suck.

Any reservations I held about living in this place that I refused to call a city were flicked aside by the manic existence of first year dorms. Other than the occasional disappointment at the lack of what I assumed should be almost mandatory services (such as somewhere other than the bar for a late night conversation with a co-ed group) I managed to stay busy without really leaving campus. My second year I found myself on the Rural Development Exchange, a.k.a. the Mexico Exchange. In fact, I was so adamant about calling it the Mexico Exchange that I began to resent that awkward time before September when people would inquire about when exactly I was heading south "... well, not until January, I guess there is this Alberta part too..."

I could continue on down a memory lane lined with story after story of rural hospitality but perhaps I'll just simply note that the smiling face of community was throwing an

unexpected curve at my hypothesis. Catching myself genuinely concerned about youth leaving the community rather than my initial response of "why wouldn't they?" was a sure sign that the seed was planted. Unfortunately I left the exchange somewhat patting my own back—the city girl that has cracked the code of rural life. I could go back home with a handful of slightly more colourful adjectives than cute and say that I could see why someone would want to live out here. I was still in observation mode living with members of the community but far too similar to a reporter running alongside someone in action, only later to say from the safety of her own cocoon something along the lines of "Channel 6 was there."

I don't know when I let my guard down but in the following two years the walls of doubt surrounding my judgement began to crack. I caught myself letting the word "home" slip out when referring to Camrose, and scanning crowds everywhere I went for familiar faces. Somewhere between working on Main Street over the summer and holding my

own in the occasional rally of local trivia I realized that I was discovering something that had been missing from my life. As a product of the modern notion of "community"—something rolled out like the sod that gives birth to the grassy moats surrounding homes—I hadn't the slightest notion of how much richness comes from strong community. It hasn't been until recently that I've realized that more than anything else it is the lack of a sense of community derived from living in suburbs that I dislike the most. There are many factors for this, ranging from the obvious design flaws which encourage people to anonymously go from personal garages to hyper-commerce areas, to subtle (and not so subtle) complexities in media.

Four years later I'm packing up to conclude my "rural experience" and after finding comfort in my current environment I'm tempted to treat urban life, suburban life, as another temporary experiment-type experience to dabble in—something to try to understand but fully doubting that I'll be able to find any appreciation. Once again I am noting an equality, although slightly more educated, condescending conception of what I'm heading into. However, I don't know that I want to enter into my new environment neutral. To disregard what I've learned and the aspects of this community that I identify with would be more than a shame but to completely write off Suburbia would be irresponsible. If I've learned anything from my liberal arts education it is to not push aside something you don't agree with.



Daglightale editors Steve and Jer and Martin stand beside a goat and a pail waiting for a picture to be taken. The picture had to be taken twice, the pail blinked.



Yvonne (through her teeth): If you know what's best for you, Paul, you'll take the goat...take it!!



Deja vu? have I been here before or did an idiot editor put this picture in the paper twice what a friggin idiot repetitive redundancies...



Schnookums! Your so cute yes you are...yes you are! Awww.. I luv you yes I wuv roo...smile for the camera



Dr. Kierstin Hatt wonders "What? I'm on the list! Is that a good thing?"



Put me down!! down!! mmmm... pet me touch me! touch me!!



ASA President John Pattison loves carrying his goat up to professor's offices. What a lovely smile:)



Time to show off the winner with her prize.



All those oats on the way into town means Clarence has to pee. Too bad it has to be in Yvonne's office.

Exist. Existence. Cease.

By Ian McPhail

Is life that exists
in time
or space Has death's
love
held us
in its boned
embrace
These mirrors
blinding to the inside
murder
a man a soul (unchaste)
He howed his nevers
He whayed his always
A waste
of beauty
lust
creativity
and celebration
a bereavement and reverse of creation

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED
THIS YEAR

By Ben Schumacher

There comes a point in every man's life, where he looks back at the accomplishments that he has done. I, myself, am at that point. What I am looking at, though, are my trials and tribulations of this past year. Boy, did it go by fast. Anyway, I thought it would be fitting, it being the end of the school year and all, to sum up what I have learned from my second year of experience:

- The first thing I have learned is that I am not the party animal that I used to be. Last year, taking a 6-shot shot of Navy Rum would have just made me stumble around and do ridiculous dance moves (which I probably did), but I wouldn't have been woken up by a cop for sleeping in a soccer field. And hey, at least I didn't light my floor on fire.
- I have also learned that a good friend will buy you a beer, but a great friend will throw ice cubes at your forehead while waiting for another drink. And will then go on to request an Aqua song.
- I have learned that thinking is bad for your health. Statistics say that every time you think too hard, someone in the world dies a slow and painful death. Do you want that on your conscience? Just don't think about it.
- I have turned 2 spel goode. Awl thoughs English coorses hav payde off wel. I'm alot beter thann I was bifor. (It helps to speak like Forest Gump for this one.)
- I have learned that trying something once, then never doing it again, is not considered quitting or giving up. It's just not for you. Especially when it's running at 6:30 in the morning. It was horrible!
- I have learned that the walls here are not soundproof. If anything sounds are amplified. Hilarity ensues.
- I have learned that Napoleon Dynamite is a great dancer. That boy has mad skillz! Along with nunchuck skillz, bow hunting skillz, computer hacking skillz...
- I have learned many great and exciting things from my courses, here at Augustana, like... wait, what have I learned? I guess I haven't learned anything in that area.

Well, that's it. That's what I've learned. I know it's not much, but I have a bad memory. Give me a break! So, see you all next year, and if I don't see you, then too bad!



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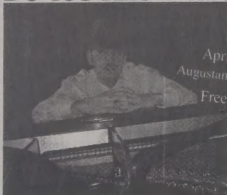
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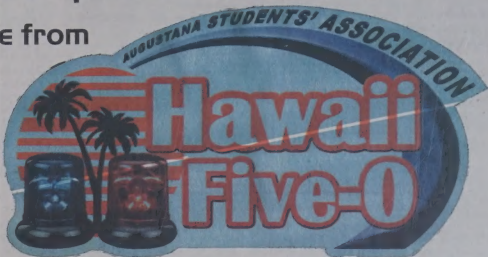
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by Sara Breikreutz

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** Towards tuition



The Food Connection

by Sara Breikreutz

(or, How the RDX Helps You Appreciate Your Dinner)

As a past participant of the Rural Development Exchange (2004-2005), I have learned both to anticipate and to dread that ubiquitous question: "So, how was it? Good?" In this case, a simple "Good" or "Great" or even "Amazing!" just will not suffice to encompass the depth and breadth of situations, emotions, relationships, and processes of learning that are my experience with the RDX. However, when people just as invariably ask, "Well, what was your favourite part, then?" I find it

a little easier to respond; it's always a toss-up between the people and the food. As I've had time to reflect over the past several months, I've begun to think that the people and the food are actually important and inextricable parts of the same thing: the community. And that's what my exchange experience was really all about.

My most tangible and beloved memories of my experiences both in San Andrés de la Cal (Morelos, Mexico) and Stettler (Alberta, Canada) are nearly all centred on that most tangible

part of the general human experience: food. Food permeated the atmosphere of the RDX, literally and figuratively, whether it was through sharing festive dinners with half the population of the village, dining on lovingly-prepared meals with our host families, taking day trips to local organic farms or helping with the spring corn harvest. The more I experienced food in all its forms, the more I began to see the connection between food and people—a simple and obvious one, you might say, but one that is so often overlooked in a culture of fast food additions and TV dinners, of imported fruit and conveniently automated checkout counters. It is easy to forget where our food comes from, when the majority of us make first contact with our meals in the neon-lit aisles of a grocery store.

Well, our food is not manufactured in some mysterious backroom or synthesized in space-aged replicators. It comes from—gasp!—the dirt (often not our dirt, mind you; but that's a whole other article). It can

grow and nourish us thanks to the soil, the water, and the sunlight, not to mention the hard work of the people whose job it is to look after it. It also seems easy to forget, as absurd as this sounds, about the basic necessity of food for our everyday existence. We need it to live, actually. And so the cycle is complete. Food is ultimately connected to people: we grow it, we eat it. Once this connection is made, it's easy to see why food can be found at the heart of any community, be it a family or a village.

My host family in Stettler consisted of a single mother and her three children. They were an extremely close-knit, loving family, with a strong Catholic upbringing and an incredible level of dedication to one another. Dinner time was family time, the most important time of day. My host mother made it quite clear that the telephone was never to be answered during dinner; the machine would pick it up; family time was always more important. Each of my little host siblings had a dinner-related task to be in charge of, such as setting the

table, bringing out the food, or clearing the dishes. My host mother took great pride in her backyard garden, and we often had homegrown carrots or beets and homemade relishes or salsas. She made nearly everything from scratch. I find it difficult now to communicate the warmth of the love that connected that family, but I know that my memories of sitting around the dinner table with my counterpart and host mom and siblings, chatting about the day, digging ravenously into the food, listening to the kids' stories from school, and not answering the telephone are the memories that instantly conjure up that warm feeling again. Food was at the heart of that family, and not incidentally; physical and emotional nourishment went hand in hand.

There were other food experiences in Stettler, of course, as so many of the other host families were farm families. I remember once being shown how to make cottage cheese from a huge bucket of sour milk, and feeling sheer amazement; it

continued on next page...



A Mexican cornfield—"tortillas, anyone?"

Is Education Valuable?

(...ummh yes, yes it is...)
by Jeremy Wideman

We at the Dag have received an anonymous letter regarding post-secondary schooling in general as well as Augustana. I was immediately compelled to publish it with a response. I presume that the article was written by a member of the Camrose community that hasn't had much experience with post-secondary education or Augustana or else s/he definitely would not write what has been written. This individual may even be a kind, caring, compassionate person but I sincerely doubt that they have any post-secondary education. If s/he did they would not put to shame or denigrate what s/he has earned. I urge this person to read what I have written with a critical and open mind.

The Anonymous Letter:

School: Just a Thought

Have you ever wondered why you only contribute 20-25% of the total cost of going to a post secondary institution and the rest is subsidized by the government (i.e. the taxpayers)?

But you thought it was to give you a break so that you could buy more booze on the weekend or put an extra tank of gas in your fancy car...NOT!!

Universities are built much like factories, it is an economical way to produce the types of workers we need to fill the workplace, to advance our technologies and to raise the standard of living...perhaps mostly for those wealthier ones paying the subsidized portion of your tuition.

Do we not quota the entry of many fields to produce the quantity we need to fill the void? Although at Augustana there are no quotas in place as they have no programs to supply a degree that truly stands on its own. Must you not enroll elsewhere to finish to a standard for employment?

Now isn't school almost done for the year...yup...well now get a job.

Have my previous promotions of a liberal arts education gone completely unheeded? Are my words but mere ink on a page? I sincerely hope not.

I also hope that my frustration with the above does not leak through the following arguments as bitter cynicism. I have tried to remain as objective as possible, though my biases will show themselves regardless. I have organized my ideas into five main points: the role of universities in the lives of young adults, the applicability of the liberal arts in the "real world," the difference between liberal arts universities and colleges/technical institutes, that post-secondary students should not be generalized into a homogenous worthless and wasteful component of society and finally, post-secondary institutions do not solely produce new technology for the betterment of the western world but work towards developing individuals with life-scopes that are further reaching than their own back yard.

If the government did not subsidize post-

secondary schooling I think there would be significantly fewer individuals enrolled in universities. I think this would be an unfortunate turn for the worse in our society. Universities are places of learning, places that test the limits of people's capacity to be fed knowledge, places that further the knowledge of the human race. Universities are where technologies are developed, theories are born and discoveries are made. But, more importantly, I think that universities can act as places where people are fashioned into the kinds of people that they are going to be for the rest of their lives. Of course, I must credit parents and family for providing a solid backbone for individuals during earlier years in life. However, the fact of the matter is that during the adolescent years this backbone is often torn to shreds (this is natural—there seems to be a reason that 18 year old kids don't get along with their parents): We need to

Continued on page 7...

"Food" continued from p.5

was like magic. But most of my agricultural experiences seem to have come from Mexico, where our host community was even more rurally connected than Stettler. San Andrés was smaller, comprising about 1400 people, and it seemed that most of the population was at least marginally involved in farming the surrounding area, if not entirely involved. My own host family had fields of corn and of buckwheat. From my limited understanding, many of the families had once depended on farming to live, but due to the low price of corn and their inability to compete technologically with agricultural imports from the U.S., most were now seeking alternative employment (often ironically in the U.S. agriculture industry).

One of the most obvious ways in which my family life was connected to the agricultural life of the village was the daily tortilla-making ritual that my host mother and aunt eventually allowed my counterpart and me to help out with. The tortillas we ate with every meal always started out as small buckets of corn kernels (grown on my family's land) soaked in a mixture of water and minerals (limestone, I believe, which apparently started a chemical process to soften the dried kernels). The bucket would be taken down the street to one of the town's mills, where it was ground in a cylindrical silver machine into *masa*, a moist lump of pale yellow dough, for a cost of one peso (about 12 cents). It would then be taken back to the house and kneaded on a stone slab in our traditional kitchen, pressed into thin tortillas (in a tortilla press, although our host-aunt knew how to do it by hand) and then cooked on a large, flat ceramic circle over an open wood fire. Once our tortilla-making skills were good enough to produce tortillas that inflated a little as they cooked, our host mother told us, perhaps only half-joking, that we were ready to get married.

Believe me, I could regale you with story after story about Mexican food. It was omnipresent at the frequent parties and family gatherings, always the subject of much attention (we were often incited, by way of peer pressure, to have "just a little more," which always turned out to be another full plate), and absolutely essential to the annual rhythm of the village's celebrations and festivals. We arrived during the village's saint-day festival, and I'm sure nearly all of us would say our first impressions of San Andrés were dominated by the sight, taste and smell of huge amounts of food. What was really remarkable to me was the extent to which food was a symbol of sharing and goodwill between the residents of San Andrés. Families would host parties to which half the village, if not the whole village, was invited, and would take great pride in filling everyone up on rice, tortillas, beans, meat and salsa. Many families take their turn to host friends and family, and a balance seems to be established. Food is so pivotal to any form of community gathering that events can be characterized by the type of food served at them: for example, mole is a traditional wedding food. If someone from San Andrés tells you "you'll be eating mole in no time!", expect that they've

arranged a blind date for you with someone they've deemed a suitable partner (that's a joke, really, but you get the idea).

In so many ways it became evident to me, throughout the exchange, how important food is in sustaining any form of community. And why shouldn't it be? It seems fitting that two things we need to survive and live healthy lives—food and human interaction—should coincide so wonderfully. Recognizing the full extent of the connection between us and our food is vital to understanding how our families and our communities sustain themselves. What better way is there, after all, to share time with one another than over a plate of well-prepared and delicious food?

That being said, I hope that I've been able to make simultaneous plugs both for the Rural Development Exchange (which still has limited space available for 2005-2006; call Karsten at 672-4626) and for the upcoming showing of Slow Food Revolution (April 17, 2:30pm in the Coffee House). At the very least, maybe those of you who have been patient enough to read my entire article will think a little more thoroughly (if you haven't already) about where your food comes from and what sustains your community. Buen provecho!

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School...continued from page 6

figure things out for ourselves. Universities are great places where this is promoted and achieved, in some ways at least, perhaps not in the financial "real world" aspect but rather in moral and value realms.

The real world is a place quite foreign to me, I admit it, but I think that I can grasp it and that I am ready for it. I would not have been ready for the real world without first attending Augustana because in my first few years out of high school I did not know what I thought about the world around me; be it the "real world" or the ideological world. The courses that I have taken at Augustana as well as the extra-curricular conversations that I have had have (in my opinion) instilled in me ideas and opinions and skills that will benefit me to no end in the "real world." I have learned how to argue, write, speak (kind of) and study. I have learned how to learn. Is this not a good thing in itself that will help me at any job that I ever apply for? Or must I be a technically trained automaton incapable of critical thought but capable of running millions of dollars worth of equipment?

Which brings me to the colleges and technical institutes and to a lesser extent the large scale assembly-line universities that are quite different than Augustana. These kinds of schools do create individuals that are "market ready"-they model individuals into cookie-cutter images of what is the "best" engineer, nurse and even doctor for the current time. **There is nothing wrong with this!** That is not what I am trying to argue. I am, however, arguing that a liberal arts education is a good and viable option, especially for individuals that seek a deeper meaning to their life. Some may argue that religion can do this, I do not argue against this point but I would like to say that a liberal arts education can actually make religion more meaningful, more important and more truthful. A liberal arts education would make for a better engineer, a better nurse, a better doctor and possibly even a better pastor. Or, perhaps just happier or more satisfied ones.

On to another issue: when arguing a point please try not to generalize. Putting forth a rhetorical statement that suggests that students are nothing but spoiled brats spending their parents' and taxpayers' money on booze and gas does not further an argument at all. What did you spend your money on when you were 17 and 18 years old?...thought so...booze and gas. What else is there to spend money on at that age? But as second, third and fourth (and fifth) years of university come to pass, one realizes how stupid and naive a first year student really is. But we've all been first year students, many of our parents were first year students and many of our proles were first year students. Booze and gas are unfortunately a priority to first year students but as the years go on less booze is bought and more and more students actually begin to question the ethical responsibility that comes with burning fossil fuels...imagine that? People actually learn at learning establishments!

In my final point I would like to question the following: Does technology actually better the standard of living? And is this actually the goal of post secondary institutions? Firstly, if one looks over the course of history one will likely find that standards of living increase based upon the social system that is existent in a particular country. Basic technology has essentially done what it can do for us (Westerners). We have clean running water, food of all assortments and the capacity to be just about anywhere in the world within 24 hours. What kinds of technological improvements can actually better our standard of living? And I mean really truly better our standard of living, not just tweak what we already have. We don't need an increase in our standard of living! If we (the west) continue to raise our standard of living via new technologies the world will be doomed. Technology won't save us from the impending doom that technology itself has created, if anything is to save us, it will be the critical minds that have been nourished by an institution like Augustana.

Apology

The Editors of the Dagligtale would like to apologize for an article in the last issue entitled "Mert the Merman and his many Mermistresses." By no means was "Mert" meant to mock Mormons.

Parting 'Thoughts'

Steve's Valediction

aphorisms

We live in an age of sound bites.

It is possible to disagree with a person's opinions without hating the person; in fact, it is noble.

Respect other people's arguments and opinions; don't distort them to make your own beliefs appear stronger.

Try to avoid entering into situations which will force you to be unfair to other people.

Go out for a drink; get to know your friends better.

The earth will not be able to sustain humankind's rapidly growing population; plan your pregnancies.

Our planet is warming; whether the cause is human activity or not, everyone will be forced to deal with the effects.

The world is your oyster, not your urinal.

The global economy is a sub-system of the natural world which is a far greater force; respect creation.

Genetically modified foods are not the answer to feeding the world's hungry; compassion and hard work are.

Regarding biotechnology, even the smartest ecologists are highly skeptical of humanity's knowledge of the effects of adding new organisms to the biosphere.

Be thankful for your wealth; know when to give it up.

Take the time to learn what money actually is and means; what does it represent? what does it fail to represent?

Earning interest on your money is a privilege, not a right.

Don't let capitalism and the pursuit of happiness equal gluttony.

Where do you get your news? From a network that claims to be comprehensive in less than an hour?

(American soldiers are still being killed in Iraq; publication bans on soldiers' funerals violate the alleged "democracy" America is fighting for.)

Voter participation in our democracy is faltering; how embarrassing...

Since when could "welfare" be handed out in monthly cheques?

North-Americans need more poetry in their lives.

Just because it's in print doesn't mean it's true; a critical education should cut down on the frequency of "I read somewhere that..."

"Art" and "Science" are only words; their respective arenas may often intersect. Planos need to be accurately tuned; physicists need to be creative.

Ponder the difference between *academic* and *intellect*. Academic implies membership in an academy. Intellect implies using one's mental faculties. Some people are one; but not the other.

The objective of pursuing an arts education is to study what centuries of humans have deemed "valuable."

Respect the elderly; you don't think that your experiences outweigh theirs, do you?

Must industry produce culture, or can culture produce industry?

Music is not the international language. Beethoven and Bodhran are not interchangeable.

George W. Bush is a Christian; Hitler was a Jew.

What are you?

How would you like to be a sound bite?

01001010110101101001010010101

Thanks for another good year, Steve Hansen.

Calling all Christians...

by Colin McComb

There is a schism that goes right through the middle of this community. If you are a Christian, then this schism is your concern, as it divides Christ's community here on campus. Need proof that this divide exists? Take a few short steps towards enlightenment.

Step one: spend a few months doing a church tour in Camrose. Go to Solid Rock out at the C.R.E., then go to Messiah Lutheran and St. Francis Xavier's Catholic Church downtown, then St. Andrews Anglican, then go take in a service at Bethel. What are you looking for? Augustana students, swarms of them. This campus is spilling over with Christians, only you wouldn't know it.

Why? Step two: go to chapel on a Monday, Wednesday or Friday morning at 10:00 AM. (No, you don't have class at that time so no excuses). Do a quick head-count while you're there. This morning I believe there were 11.

Step three: go to the Daily Bread Bible Study (usually in the Coffee House) that some of us put on Saturday nights at 9:00 pm. Do another head count, (usually about 10-16) and then do a comparison to

see how many there go to chapel as well (about 5 or 6). By the time you are done all of this you should know what I'm talking about; Christians are not doing a lot of worship on campus.

What's the problem? In a word: Liberalism. No, I don't mean political liberalism. Nor am I talking about Christian liberalism, the left-of-centre modernist approach to religion that incorporates broader interpretations of scripture into its foundation.

No, I'm talking about the Liberalism that is so prevalent in our society, the assumptions of which conservative and liberal alike base their entire lives on without even knowing it. It is the water in which we swim.

This is the Liberalism that convinces us that society is worth less than the sum of its parts, that the wants of the individual outweigh the needs of the whole, that democracy is a philosophy that we all should adopt, that one's goal in life should be the pursuit of happiness, that paying taxes and obeying the law are all one needs to do in order to be a good citizen, that we should follow whichever path makes us most comfortable and that

voting with one's dollars or feet is the best way to effect change.

Christ was not a Liberal. He did not see to His own wants before seeing to the needs of others (Matthew, 13:5); He did not urge His disciples to vote on important matters, but gave them orders (Matthew 10:5); He did not urge people to do what makes them happy, but rather to do what God does (Luke, 6:36); He did not accept complacency paid for by a title (Mark 12:41); He did not offer His followers a comfortable path, but a "narrow gate" (Matthew, 7:13); He did not show His dissatisfaction with the legalistic Synagogues by "voting with His feet" and going elsewhere, but taught in them (John, 7:14).

He expects the same from us. Christians cannot afford to be individualists. Sadly, this is exactly what many of us have become. To what I am referring?

I am talking about our fragmented groups, from those who have "voted with their feet" and steered clear of chapel and its modernist leanings to those who can tell me what's wrong with Solid Rock and its pastor without

ever having set foot in one of its services. I'm talking about the fact that the chapel used to be full of both students and faculty but emptied once Reconciling in Christ became a reality. I am talking about how Campus Ministry has been forced (though I applaud this decision) to split chapel services into what I call conservative Mondays, liberal Fridays and liturgical Wednesdays. I am talking about the fact that people avoid chapel simply because it is too liturgical for them. I'm talking about people seeing to their own religious wants before addressing the needs of this withering community as if that is what Christ demands of us.

The following needs to be said: GO TO CHAPEL! If you are a conservative Christian on this campus who is uncomfortable with the modernist waves emanating from Campus Ministry, or who was raised in an evangelical church and cannot bring his or herself to enjoy such liturgical services, suck it up. Having conservative values myself I know exactly how you feel, but whatever gave you the idea that the best way to put

out a fire was to drop your bucket and walk away? Going to chapel does not mean you agree with everything you find there, it means you are taking part in Christ's community. Christ said "let your light shine before men" (Matthew, 5:16). This is not advice, but an order that comes directly from the mouth of our Saviour.

This needs to be addressed. We are followers of Christ. We should not be putting our own wants ahead of the needs of this community. This year some of us have done the best we can to gather this community together. Next year those that are still here will not give up. However, you need to put in your efforts as well. Communities do not build themselves.

One more thing, I am not only talking to students. Members of Augustana's largely Christian faculty and staff (though busy, I know) also have an obligation to this community. Of all people they should be aware of what little good it does to walk away.

Thanks, Colin.

We wish you success in your efforts with Campus Ministry next year.

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Where Are All the Heroes?

by Colin McComb

"Where are all the heroes? Where is the one who, in our day and age, is going to stand up and say *I have a dream?*" My frustrated fellow student was expressing his indignation at the thought that, out of the 5 or 6 billion people in the world today, no one seems to be willing or able to follow in the footsteps of people like Martin Luther King Jr. Across the table from where I was sitting in Augustana's crowded cafeteria, Professor Hatt reminded us that heroism is our own responsibility.

On this point I agreed, though I was quick to point out that the world has plenty of heroes. Pope John Paul II, in fact, was the first on my list. Others however, many of whom have now died, also came to mind. I mentioned Mother Theresa, Terry Fox, Nelson Mandela, Oscar Romero and even (cover your eyes if you are not a fan of evangelism) Billy Graham. This was only an impromptu list of famous heroes. I also mentioned the countless

individuals who run NPOs around the world, those who campaign for social justice from church basements, those who offer those same basements to recovering alcoholics and drug abusers, those who are at this moment feeding the poor, too busy to be here talking about the poor. There are lots of heroes.

Unfortunately, I also have to agree with my friend in one respect: there are far more people who complacently enjoy the comforts of western life, paying lip service to important social issues, than there are those who are privileged enough to come from our society and use that privilege to help the world's underprivileged, a group that outnumbers us by 10 to 1. This might have something to do with the fact that we do not really believe in helping the poor; we believe in others helping the poor; we believe in heroes.

Recently I saw a book review in my newspaper about a work that has, apparently, challenged the

clean image of the Apostle Paul, revealing what a terrible person he really was. Paul would be dismayed by this, not because his 'clean' image has been challenged but because he failed to convince us himself of what a terrible person he was. His goal was not to be a saint, somehow above the rest of us, but to remind those who had accepted Christ that they were all saints, and not only capable of, but expected to leave the dreams of the world behind in favour of a servant's walk. His hope was that people would see what a murdering, terrible sinner that he was and realize that if God could redeem him and make him such a force for good, He could do the same for us.

This message still stands today, when it is evident that the message that we truly believe in is the message that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" should be our greatest ambition. Paul would have balked at the idea, as would have (and did) John Paul II, as would

have Jesus Christ.

While I do not want to take away from Canada's generosity in helping victims of the recent tsunami, and while I do not want to diminish the extreme altruism that we have shown ourselves to be capable of at other times of duress, why is it that this altruism only manifests itself when the media takes interest at various intervals throughout the year? Take a look at the world around you; do the research. Suffering has not ended now that the tsunami has passed; it continues every day while we watch TV, go to work, drive our SUVs, head to the bar for a few drinks, invest in our RRSPs, do our shopping and complain about the price of gas. Read the stats, chances are that if you are reading this, you are filthy, filthy rich by the world's standards. I know I am; the fact that I am writing this on my computer means that I am wealthier than 98% of the world's population.

What responsibility, then,

do we have regarding these issues? We have the responsibility to shake off this idea that heroism and sainthood belong to those who are somehow more dedicated than us. We have the responsibility to volunteer our time and money, to forsake luxury items while some in the world do not even have water, to refuse the empty benefits of a consumerist lifestyle and follow the path of spiritually inspired altruism that God has clearly laid out for us. We are the saints, we are the heroes, created in God's image to attain righteousness; but we are not doing our job.

I sincerely hope that people honour John Paul II with action, rather than with lip-service, something our affluent society is all-too-gifted at. If we simply applaud the deceased pope and go back to our own luxurious lifestyles, we have dishonoured his memory.

Hey Colin,
Here are two heroes:
Next year's Dag editors
Joe Nusse and
Ben Schumacher.

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Thank you for the Music

by Tara-Lynn Underhill

Is that an angel I see.

Standing right in front of me?

Her song touches me, I feel so light.

My soul wants to escape and take flight.

The notes of beauty float out into the dark.

Maybe she is not an angel but a lark...

A voice joins in, and they become one.

True connections can never be undone.

The whole world becomes beautiful and precious all at one time.

I was inspired to create because of something so sublime.

Tears are so silent but very heartfelt.

Applause is the esteem that you were dealt.

The sounds were over, but the songs will live till the end.

You walked into the light not a lark but a dear friend.

-Written on March 6th, 2005

Classifieds

Wanted: Someone to tell Graham Hafso that his posters are asinine and that he should get a life

Wanted: More time to do less work...and three trained monkeys, preferably with names such as Cindy, Darci, and Karen

Wanted: Something to remember you all by... beware the month of April!

For Sale: 1 small goat, likes to pee a lot but would be good for roasting on a spit and eating with gravy call Yvonne Becker \$20 OBO.

To my smiley crier: Forgive me in advance for the stupid things I do later



HOROSCOPES

Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20) - Oh, c'mon! What's your major? Hmmmm... Just as I thought... well, it doesn't matter how you do on your exams anyway, you can't get a job with the degree your trying to get so who cares? To OC's!

Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 20) - This month is going to be full of interesting events...just like last month and the month before and the month before and the month before.....

Taurus (Apr 21 - May 21) - Write down your thoughts and publish them...

Gemini (May 22 - Jun 21) - play Risk with someone named Erik and if you beat him retire from the game and play no one ever again, move to Kamchatka and make snowshoes for a living you'll make millions MILLIONS!!!

Cancer (Jul 22 - Jul 22) - Relax, school's almost over, it won't matter soon. Be comforted that someone loves you very, very much.

Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22) - Drink more water because peeing is fun!!

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 23) - Give all of your money to some rich guy and try to convince him that he should give all of his money to an even richer guy and then...oh...wait...that's how the stock market works...

Libra (Sep 24 - Oct 23) - Pretend you're a tourist in your hometown!

Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22) - Fold, just this once, it's not worth the gamble.

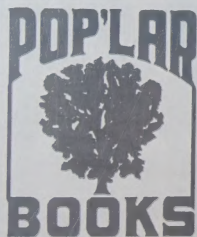
Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21) - Figure out your marks; if you can pass the course without going to the final exam do it just because it would be a great story to tell your grandparents

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 20) - Do your favourite teacher a favour... post bail!!!

Aquarius (Jan 21 - Feb 19) - Move out, get a job, shave more often, support yourself, read more, reclaim your passion, learn to love without holding, look to the future, start planning more, enjoy everything, take relish in the tender pain that is going to come, endure and enjoy :)

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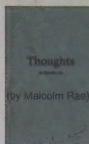
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Thoughtless:

by Jeremy
Wideman

a book review



Thoughts is a poor representation of what philosophy is and a publication that probably should not have been published.

There is a reason as to why the book is not entitled 'Reflections' because it takes less than one page to realize that the majority of the thoughts in *Thoughts* are just thoughts, fleeting and shallow.

There are some good points in the book. Malcolm talks of marriage, love and lust in a respectful and at times even thoughtful manner. But these points make up only a fraction of the book which is very short already (not much more than 5000 words), the rest of the book is filled with thoughts that revolve around three main topics: hockey, God, and "gays." (Every time gays are mentioned in the book the word appears in quotations).

Malcolm wants to play hockey at the highest level available to him. I would like to ask him "Why?" If this question was asked before the publication of *Thoughts* some of the absurd ideas that made it into the book would not have been published. Ideas like: "If the NHL and professional hockey fall apart...then if possible, I would like to just play hockey on a full scholarship while earning another degree" (p41) and that universities should offer degree programs that would direct students on how to become professional athletes with the only

prerequisites being: "physical fitness and the desire to become involved in sports." Majors in hockey should be available (p47).

Malcolm talks of his faith in and relationship to God a great deal in *Thoughts* but the ideas presented are not clear or well developed. I don't know what the purpose of these cryptic messages is but why should they have a purpose? The rest of the book obviously doesn't. Although Malcolm would probably disagree with me on this point, especially with regard to the topic that took up the bulk of substantial material in his book, the topic of homosexuality.

Gays are mentioned in seven different entries throughout the book and account for over 6 pages of the total 48 pages. Malcolm says he doesn't hate gays, he just thinks that they "must... eventually, face the natural, social consequences for their perversion; which are, in part, isolation and shame" (p40). He thinks that gays "are the way they are by choice; it is not that they 'can't help it.'" He feels that what he says about "gays" is not "gay-bashing", it is rather "gay"exposing (p38). He goes on to state a rhetorical anatomical reason for why being gay is clearly wrong, he doesn't argue the other side, he does not argue the point. I would have appreciated arguments that provided backing for statements such as "Those who label themselves 'gay' invoke a social distaste because they disregard and disrespect the opposite sex" (p38). Let it be noted that the terms homosexual and lesbian were never used throughout the book—only "gay" and "gays".

In closing I would like to apologize if I have been harsh, I felt that it was necessary. And, Malcolm, life is difficult and rough.

Respect for the Dead?

by G-reg Olson

Has anybody else noticed the way our school honours the dead? If not, next time a public figurehead dies, look at the pint-sized Canadian flag outside of North Hall. When Lois Hole died, I'd estimate that it was at around two thirds mast. When the RCMP officers were shot, I'd say about three quarters mast. Now that Pope John Paul II has passed on, we are once again showing a dismal performance. I don't understand what is so difficult about flying the flag at half mast, but whenever I ask the question of people who are 'in the know' I get an answer about how it is half mast—half of the flag pole itself, not the base. Ok, this might have been true for the Hon. Lois Hole, but it is most certainly not for the Pope or for the RCMP officers who were slain on duty. Even so, how difficult is it to fly a flag at a visible half mast? As a friend of mine likes to point out, we've already lost our respect for the Canadian flag. In America, it's illegal to leave your flag out at night or in the rain. In Canada, we proudly fly torn and disgraced flags. Be-that-as-it-may, if our flag pole doesn't start until 6 feet off the ground, why don't we get a new one?

Maybe whoever is responsible for flying the flag could simply read the etiquette on the Canadian Governments website (http://www.patrimoinecanadien.gc.ca/PROGSC/CPSC-CCSPC/etiquette/2_e.cfm).

Following Cosmo's Latest Polling Column....

SKANKY VS. SEXY

- It's **skanky** to drink in your room and get cited ...Second Year Advice
- It's **sexy** to drink in a park and get arrested By Renslip
- It's **skanky** to dress all **skanky**-like for Halloween
- It's **sexy** to dress like KISS and win the costume contest at OC's
- It's **skanky** to party hard and miss brunch the next day
- It's **sexy** to party hard, go to brunch, and puke on your tray the next day
- It's **skanky** to drink Mountain Crest or Lucky 7
- It's **sexy** to drink Guinness, Harp, Smithwicks...hell, anything from the pub
- It's **skanky** to order anything served in the café when you're at a restaurant
- It's **sexy** to get the damn steak; get your protein when you can
- It's **skanky** to puke in your roommate's bed when they're out of town
- It's **sexy** to puke in your roommate's bed when they're in the room
- It's **skanky** to bring liquor to the formal
- It's **sexy** to steal someone's liquor at formal and bring it to the after-party
- It's **skanky** to have a house party in your dorm room
- It's **sexy** to go to a house party and trash someone else's room
- It's **skanky** to invite yourself to someone else's party
- It's **sexy** to show up with Baby Duck at someone else's party
- It's **skanky** to get your paper done a week in advance
- It's **sexy** to stay up all night the day before it's due and write it
- It's **skanky** to take the Handi-Bus home from the bar
- It's **sexy** to stumble home with some good buds from the bar
- It's **skanky** to strip at OC's
- It's **sexy** to take a stripper home from OC's
- It's **skanky** to do your laundry every week at the same time
- It's **sexy** to do your laundry once a month when you have enough change...that you stole from your roommate
- It's **skanky** to shoot bee-bee guns off outside your dorms
- It's **sexy** to shoot bee-bee guns off inside your dorms
- It's **skanky** to buy all your textbooks before classes actually start
- It's **sexy** to make friends with a freshman and borrow their text when you actually want to read it.
- It's **skanky** to read articles in the dag and be amused by them
- It's **sexy** to write articles for the dag and make fun of everyone else.

www.patrimoinecanadien.gc.ca/PROGSC/CPSC-CCSPC/etiquette/2_e.cfm). I'm a nice guy, so I even read through it and obtained the pertinent information:

- Flags are flown at the half-mast position as a sign of mourning.
- The flag is brought to the half-mast position by first raising it to the top of the mast then immediately lowering it slowly to the half-mast position.
- **The position of the flag when flying at half-mast will depend on the size of the flag and the length of the flagstaff. It must be lowered at least to a position recognizably "half-mast" to avoid the appearance of a flag which has accidentally fallen away from the top of the mast owing to a loose flag rope. A satisfactory position for half-masting is to place the centre of the flag exactly half-way down the staff.**
- "Death" may be taken to include the day of death and up to and including the day of the funeral.
- Flags at federal government buildings and other locations are also half-masted subject to special instructions on the death of members of the Royal Family other than those related in the first degree to the Sovereign, a Head of a Foreign State, or some other person whom it is desired to honour.
- During periods of half-masting, the flag is raised to full-mast on all federal government buildings, airports, and military bases and establishments on statutory holidays, and also on the Peace Tower while a Head of State is visiting Parliament Hill. These procedures do not apply while flags are half-masted for the death of the Sovereign when they are only raised to full-mast for the day on which the accession of the new Monarch is proclaimed.
- On Remembrance Day, November 11, the flag is flown at half-mast from 11:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon on the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings.

These are not difficult rules to follow. I'm sure that the school can manage. For now, I can say that I feel truly disgraced. Our province's royal representative, four members of our national police force, and the most recognized man in the world have passed and we cannot even follow simple flag etiquette. Shame on us.



A flag at half mast

Spring Has Sprung

Top Ten List

by Steve Hansen

April is a time of change and renewal. As we all encounter the new realities which await us this summer, we are forced to change our habits in order to make room for new ones. Unfortunately, some people at Augustana haven't been adapting to the change so well. Here are some stories that are making news:

1. Clarence the Goat, unable to endure the rigorous diet and exercise plan of his new owner Yvonne Becker, pees on a power bar and electrocutes himself (What a way to go...)
2. In a response to new U of A standards on office maintenance and decor, Dr. Neil Haave promises to utilize his decreased instructing hours by counseling Drs. Larson, Merklinger, and Olson on how to keep their offices clean.
3. After 2 consecutive years of Augustana professors being arrested, acting dean Dr. Roger Epp recommends the formation of an endowment fund to assist Augustana professors in posting bail.
4. After celebrating the end of classes at the Irish Pub, Dr. Geraint Osborne wakes up to a stack of essays he swore he didn't mark.
5. Incoming U of A Students' Union president Graham Lettner promises due consideration for Augustana Faculty in his administration, noting: "I've always liked the skiing in Canmore."
6. Augustana Choir director and conductor Dr. Ardelle Ries uneasily notifies the Choir that their March 15, 2006 trip to Carnegie Hall has been cancelled due to her being blacklisted by the Bush Administration for expressing Anti-Bush sentiments.
7. Coach Gary Snyder, trying desperately to improve his team's chances in the next Viking Cup, ensures that all opponents will be 17 or younger (wait, they've already tried that).
8. Dr. John McTaggart, tired of putting on a stern face for yet another university year, resumes his summer job as the personality of *YankeeBoo* the Clown.
9. Augustana's incoming student president Daryl Bissillip prepares for his first year in the Students' Association by taking lessons from John Pattison on how to entertain a crowd without really saying anything important.
10. Dr. Milton Schlosser, if this is the first thing you read in this paper, you should feel ashamed of yourself. Get back to "work."

Dedicated to Gateway reporter Caitlin Crawshaw

!!T-rev T-rev T-Rev T-rev!!



An Ode To T-Rev

Oh the way you wear lime green,
Pretty sure you did it just to be seen.
We forgive the fact you can not sing tenor,
You're an amazing bass and we like that much better.
We hear that, in some places, you T-Rev the Terrible,
But we all know you are a wonderful guy who is more than bearable!
Is there time for one last plate,
For Paula does not mind when you come in late.
One thing is for sure, T-Rev can not lie,
For he clenches his teeth, and looks to the sky.
Just remember, one day, it may be true,
You will pull the FIRE ALARM and no one will come to help you.
Please do not be mad T-Rev, Please take it all in stride,
This is what happens when you pull fire alarms for drills and hide!!

With love from the devilish little tricksters that have been doing this all year...



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